

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Psalms and Hymns  
FOR THE  
LORD'S DAY.

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PUBLISHED BY  
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NOTICE

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A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
P S A L M S and H Y M N S.

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P S A L M I.

1 **B**LEST is the man, and none but he,  
Who walks not with ungodly men,  
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,  
Nor sits the innocent t' arraign,  
The persecutor's guilt to share,  
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.

2 Obedience is his pure delight,  
To do the pleasure of his Lord ;  
His exercise by day and night  
To search his soul-converting word,  
The law of liberty to prove,  
The perfect law of life and love.

3 Fast by the streams of paradise  
He as a pleasant plant shall grow :  
The tree of righteousness shall rise,  
And all his blooming honours shew,  
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

4 His

- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,  
 His works of faith shall never cease,  
 His happy toil shall all succeed  
 Whom God himself delights to bless:  
 But no success th' ungodly find,  
 Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.
- 5 No portion and no place have they  
 With those whom God vouchsafes t' approve:  
 Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,  
 Who trample on their Saviour's love;  
 Who here their bleeding Lord deny,  
 Shall perish, and for ever die.

## P S A L M III.

- 1 **S**EE, O Lord, my foes increase,  
 Mark the troublers of my peace,  
 Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise,  
 "Heaven," they say, "its help denies,  
 "Help he seeks from God in vain,  
 "God hath given him up to man."
- 2 But thou art a shield for me,  
 Succour still I find in thee;  
 Now thou liftest up my head,  
 Now I glory in thine aid;  
 Confident in thy defence,  
 Strong in thine omnipotence.
- 3 To the Lord I cried, the cry  
 Brought my helper from the sky;  
 By my kind protector kept,  
 Safe I laid me down and slept,  
 Slept within his arms and rose;  
 Blest him for the calm repose.
- 4 Kept by him, I cannot fear  
 Sin, the world, or Satan near,

All their hosts my soul defies:  
 Lord, in my behalf arise,  
 Save me, for in faith I call,  
 Save me, O my God, from all.

5 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,  
 Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,  
 Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,  
 Broke the roaring lion's teeth;  
 Still from all my foes defend,  
 Save me, save me to the end.

6 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;  
 Strength in thee thy people have:  
 Safe from sin in thee they rest,  
 With the gospel-blessing blest,  
 Wait to see the perfect grace,  
 Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

## P S A L M IV.

1 **G**OD of my righteousness,  
 Thy humble suppliant hear,  
 Thou hast reliev'd me in distress,  
 And thou art always near.  
 Again thy mercy shew,  
 The peaceful answer send,  
 Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,  
 And all my troubles end.

2 How long ye sons of men,  
 Will ye blaspheme aloud,  
 My honour wrong, my glory stain,  
 And vilify my God?  
 How long will ye delight  
 In vanity and vice?  
 Madly against the righteous fight,  
 And follow after lies!



- 3 Know, for himself, the Lord  
Hath surely set apart  
The man that trembles at his word,  
The man of upright heart :  
And when to him I pray,  
He promises to hear,  
And help me in my evil day,  
And answer all my prayer.
- 4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,  
And from your sins depart,  
Out of the evil world withdraw,  
And commune with your heart :  
In thinking of his love  
Be day and night employ'd,  
Be still ; nor in his presence move,  
But wait upon your God
- 5 Offer your prayer and praise,  
Which he will not despise,  
Through *Jesus Christ* your righteousness,  
Accepted sacrifice.  
Offer your heart's desires ;  
But trust in him alone,  
Who gives whatever he requires,  
And freely saves his own.
- 6 The world with fruitless pain  
Seek happiness below,  
What man (they ask, but all in vain)  
The long-sought good will shew ?  
The brightness of thy face  
Give us, O Lord, to see,  
Glory on earth begun in grace,  
And happiness in thee.
- 7 Thou hast on me bestow'd,  
All-gracious as thou art,



'The taste divine, the sovereign good,  
And fixt it in my heart:

Above all earthly bliss

The sense of sin forgiven,

The hidden joy, the mystic peace,

The antepast of heaven.

8 Of gospel-peace posscest,

Secure in thy defence,

Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,

And who shall pluck me thence?

Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell

Shall ever more remove,

When all renew'd in thee I dwell,

And perfected in love.

# PSALM V.

1 **O** LORD, incline thy gracious ear,

My plaintive sorrows weigh,

To thee for succour I draw near,

To thee I humbly pray.

Still will I call with lifted eyes,

Come, O my God and king,

'Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,

And full deliverance bring.

2 On thee, O God of purity,

I wait for hallowing grace;

None without holiness shall see

The glories of thy face:

In souls unholy and unclean

Thou never canst delight;

Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,

Appear before thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,

Or speak iniquity;

The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue

Are both abhor'd by thee.

The greatest and minutest fault  
 Shall find its fearful doom,  
 Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,  
 Thou surely shalt consume.

4 But as for me, with humble fear  
 I will approach thy gate,  
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,  
 Or in thy courts to wait:  
 I trust in thy unbounded grace  
 To all so freely given,  
 And worship tow'rd thy holy place,  
 And lift my soul to heaven.

5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,  
 Nor suffer me to slide,  
 Point out the path before my face;  
 My God, be thou my guide:  
 The cruel power, the guileful art  
 Of all my foes suppress,  
 Whose throat an open grave, whose heart  
 Is desp'rate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,  
 And finally consume,  
 Thy wrath on the rebellious race  
 Shall to the utmost come.  
 But all who put their trust in Thee,  
 Thy mercy shall proclaim,  
 And sing with cheerful melody  
 Their dear Redeemer's name.

7 Protected by thy guardian grace,  
 They shall extol thy power,  
 Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,  
 And triumph evermore.  
 They never shall to evil yield  
 Defended from above,  
 And kept and cover'd with the shield  
 Of thine almighty love.

## PSALM VI.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,  
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise  
Against a child of man:  
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,  
And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,  
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still:  
O when shall it be o'er!  
Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,  
And for thy mercy's sake make whole,  
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Here, only here thy love must save,  
I cannot thank thee in the grave,  
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:  
Who dies unpurg'd, for ever dies,  
The sinner, as he falls, he lies  
Shut up in his own place.
- 4 But shall I to my foes give place?  
Or, in the name of Jesus, chase  
My troubles all away?  
In Jesu's name, I say, depart  
Devils and sins; nor vex my heart,  
For God hath heard me pray.
- 5 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,  
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,  
And all my foes o'erthrow;  
Shall conquer and destroy them too,  
And make ev'n me a creature new,  
A sinless saint below.



## P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?  
 Wilt Thou for ever hide thy face?  
 Leave me unchang'd and unrestor'd,  
 An alien from the life of grace?
- 2 Hear me, O Lord, my God, and weigh  
 My sorrows in the scale of love,  
 Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,  
 The darkness from my soul remove.
- 3 Thou wilt, thou wilt! my hope returns:  
 A sudden spirit of faith I feel,  
 My heart in fervent wishes burns,  
 And God shall there for ever dwell.
- 4 My trust is in thy gracious power,  
 I glory in salvation near,  
 Rejoice in hope of that glad hour,  
 When perfect love shall cast out fear.
- 5 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 The goodness I experience now,  
 And still I hang upon thy word,  
 My Saviour to the utmost thou.
- 6 Thy love I ever shall proclaim,  
 A monument of thy mercy I,  
 And praise the mighty Jesu's name,  
 Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,  
 Restore thy servant, Lord!  
 Nor let a father's chastening prove  
 Like an avenger's sword!



- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,  
And o'er my head are gone;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too great for me to atone.
- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down:  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Father, beneath thy frown.
- 4 All my desire to Thee is known,  
Thine eyes count every tear;  
And every sigh, and every groan,  
Is noticed by thine ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only hope,  
O hearken to my cry:  
O bear my fainting spirits up,  
When Satan bids me die.
- 6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,  
I grieve for all my sin;  
My helpless impotence I see,  
And beg support divine.
- 7 O God, forgive my follies past;  
Be Thou for ever nigh!  
O Lord of my salvation, haste,  
And save me, or I die!

## P S A L M LI.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse from sin:  
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:  
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy Love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

*The same.*

*Part the First.*

- 1 **G**OD of unfathomable love,  
Whose bowels of compassion move  
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race,  
See, at thy feet, a sinner see,  
In tender mercy look on me,  
And all my sins efface.
- 2 O let thy love to me o'erflow,  
Thy multitude of mercies shew,  
Abundantly forgive:

Remove

Remove th' insufferable load,  
 Blot out my sins with sacred blood,  
 And bid the sinner live.

- 3 Take all the power of sin away,  
 Nor let in me its being stay,  
 Mine inmost soul convert :  
 Wash me from all my filth of sin,  
 Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,  
 Create me pure in heart.

- 4 For O my sins I now confess,  
 Bewail my desp'rate wickedness,  
 And sue to be forgiven :  
 I have abus'd thy patient grace,  
 I have provok'd Thee to thy face,  
 And dar'd the wrath of heaven.

- 5 Cast in the mould of sin I am,  
 Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,  
 My essence all unclean ;  
 My total fall from God I mourn,  
 In sin I was conceiv'd and born,  
 Whate'er I am is sin.

- 6 But Thou requirest all our hearts,  
 Truth rooted in the inward parts,  
 Unspotted purity ;  
 And by thy grace I humbly trust,  
 To learn the wisdom of the Just,  
 In secret taught by Thee.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 Surely Thou wilt the grace impart,  
 Sprinkle the blood upon my heart  
 Which did for sinners flow,  
 The blood that purges every sin,  
 The blood that soon shall wash me clean,  
 And make me white as snow.



- 2 Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,  
And grant me once again to hear  
Thy sweet forgiving voice,  
That all my bones and inmost soul,  
Broken by Thee, by Thee made whole,  
May in thy strength rejoice.
- 3 From my misdeeds avert thy face,  
The strength of sin by pard'ning grace,  
Of all my sin remove;  
Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,  
But perfectly my soul renew  
By sanctifying love.
- 4 My wretchedness to Thee convert,  
Give me an humble contrite heart,  
My fallen soul restore:  
Let me the life divine attain,  
The image of my God regain,  
And never lose it more.

*Part the Third.*

- 1 **H**AVE patience, till by Thee renew'd  
I live the sinless life of God,  
Here let thy spirit stay:  
Tho' I have griev'd the gentle Dove,  
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy love,  
Or take thy grace away.
- 2 The comfort of thy help restore,  
Assist me now as heretofore,  
O lift thou up my head,  
The spirit of thy power impart,  
Stablish and keep my faithful heart,  
And make me free indeed.
- 3 Then shall I teach the world thy ways,  
Thy mercy mild and pard'ning grace,  
For every sinner free,

Till



Till sinners to thy grace submit,  
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,  
And weep, and love like me.

- 4 O might I weep, and love Thee now,  
God of my health, my Saviour Thou,  
Thou only canst release  
My soul from all iniquity;  
O speak the word, and let me free,  
And bid me go in peace.

- 5 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,  
The gift of righteousness proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming grace:  
Open my lips, almighty Lord,  
That I thy mercy may record,  
And glory in thy praise.

*Part the Fourth.*

- 1 **N**O creature-good dost thou desire,  
No costly sacrifice require;  
Thy pleasure is to give;  
Thou only seekest me, not mine,  
Thou wouldst that I should take of Thine,  
Should all thy grace receive.

- 2 A wounded spirit, by sin distressed,  
A broken heart that pants for rest,  
This is the sacrifice  
Well-pleasing in the sight of God;  
A sinner crush'd beneath his load,  
Thou never wilt despise.

- 3 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,  
And every ruin'd soul repair,  
Remember Sion's woe;  
Shew forth thy sanctifying grace,  
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise  
A glorious church below.

- 4 When Thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,  
Their sacrifice of righteousness,  
Their gifts Thou wilt approve,  
Their every thought, and word, and deed,  
That from a living faith proceed,  
And all are wrought in love.
- 5 Laid on the altar of thy Son,  
Pleasing to Thee thro' Christ alone,  
Their dear peculiar race  
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,  
And hymn their Father and their King  
In endless songs of praise.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;  
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest!  
The glories that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God!  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,  
No lasting pleasure can afford;  
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from Thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This Work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

## P S A L M LXXX.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,  
Who leadeſt *Iſrael* like a ſheep,  
Preſent to guard, and give them food,  
And kindly in thy boſom keep;
- 2 Hear thy afflicted people's prayer,  
Arife out of thy holy place,  
Stir up thy ſtrength, thine arm make bare,  
And vindicate thy choſen race.
- 3 Haſte to our help, thou God of love,  
Supreme almighty King of kings,  
Deſcend all-glorious from above,  
Come flying on the Cherubs' wings.
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and ſhew  
The brightneſs of thy lovely face,  
So ſhall we all be ſaints below,  
And ſav'd and perfected in grace.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **T**URN thee again, O Lord our God,  
Look down with pity from above,  
O lay aſide thy vengeful rod,  
And viſit us in pard'ning love:
- 2 So will we not from thee go back,  
If thou our fallen ſouls reſtore:  
No, never more will we forſake,  
No, never will we grieve thee more.
- 3 Revive, O God of power, revive  
Thy work in our degen'rate days,  
O let us by thy mercy live,  
And all our lives ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe.



- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and shew  
The brightness of thy lovely face,  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And sav'd and perfected in grace.

## P S A L M XC.

- 1 **O** God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure:  
Sufficient is thy arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward with the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 **O** God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.



## P S A L M XCI.

- 1 **H**E that hath God his guardian made,  
 Shall under the Almighty's shade  
 Secure and undisturb'd abide:  
 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,  
 He is my fortress and my stay,  
 My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 Thy tender love and watchful care  
 Shall free me from the fowler's snare,  
 And from the noisome pestilence:  
 Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,  
 And cover my unguarded head;  
 Thy truth shall be my strong defence.
- 3 No terrors that surprise by night,  
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright;  
 No deadly shafts that fly by day:  
 Nor plague of unknown rise that kills  
 In darkness, nor infectious ills  
 That in the hottest seasons slay.
- 4 A thousand at thy side shall die,  
 At thy right-hand ten thousand lie,  
 While thy firm health untouch'd remains:  
 Thou only shalt look on and see  
 The wicked's dismal tragedy,  
 And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 5 Because with well-plac'd confidence  
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,  
 And on the highest dost rely;  
 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,  
 Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall  
 Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 6 For he throughout thy happy days,  
 To keep thee safe in all thy ways  
 Shall give his angels strict commands;

And

And they, lest thou shouldst chance to meet  
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,  
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone  
Art king from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high,  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,  
There all my hopes are laid:  
The Lord that built the earth and skies,  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,  
Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep:  
Thy ear attends the softest call,  
Thy eyes can never sleep.

3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble powers  
With thy almighty arm:  
Thou watchest our unguarded hours  
Against invading harm.

4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have thy leave to smite;  
Thou shield'st our heads from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,  
Where thickest dangers come;  
Go and return secure from death,  
'Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXX.

1 **O**UT of the depth of *self-despair*  
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;  
My misery mark, attend my prayer,  
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,  
Beneath thy wrath I faint;  
O let thine ear consider well  
The voice of my complaint.

3 If thou art rig'rously severe,  
Who may the test abide?  
Where shall the man of sin appear,  
Or how be justified?

4 But O! forgiveness is with thee,  
That sinners may adore,  
With filial fear thy goodness see,  
And never grieve thee more.

5 I look to see his lovely face,  
I wait to meet my Lord;  
My longing soul expects his grace,  
And rests upon his word.



- 6 My soul, while still to him it flies,  
Prevents the morning-ray;  
O that his mercy's beams would rise,  
And bring the gospel-day!
- 7 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,  
Mercy with him remains,  
Plenteous redemption in his blood,  
To wash out all your stains.
- 8 His *Israel* himself shall clear,  
From all their sins redeem;  
The Lord our righteousness is near,  
And we are just in him.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie  
Beset on every side.

- 3 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
T' escape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If wing'd with beams of morning-light  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee:  
O may I ne'er provoke that power  
From which I cannot flee.

*Part the Third.*

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand,  
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,  
Where unborn nature grew,

- Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with tender care survey'd  
The growth of every part,  
"Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;  
But I review myself, and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaims thy praise:  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace!

*The Creator and Creatures.*

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,  
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!  
Nature and grace with all their powers  
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,  
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,  
From change to change the creatures run;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globes,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;  
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,  
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.



- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace?  
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,  
None but thy word can speak thy Name.

*Life and Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb,  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, and endless woe,  
Attend on every breath;

And

And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death.

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road:  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My soul with inward horror thrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear?
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart  
Timely my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears  
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late,  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure;  
Who knows thy only Son has died  
To make that pardon sure.

*On the Crucifixion!*

- 1 **F**ROM whence these dire portents around,  
That earth and heaven amaze?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,  
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Not thus did *Sinai's* trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of legislative God.
- 3 Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,  
With Jesu sympathize!  
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,  
'Tis thy Creator dies.
- 4 See, streaming from th' accursed tree,  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the infinite? 'Tis he,  
My Saviour and my God.
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is borne;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave;  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain:  
O save me whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

*Sovereignty and Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord! how fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature with all her moving frame  
Rests on his mighty hand.



- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe,  
While with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas,  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall  
In all their shining forms;  
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race  
In sweet compassion move;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will;  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his children still.
- 7 No more shall peevish passions rise,  
Our tongues no more complain:  
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

*A Thought in Affliction.*

- 1 **W**ILT thou, O Lord, regard my tears,  
The fruit of guilt and fear?  
Me, who thy justice hath provok'd,  
O! will thy mercy spare?
- 2 Yes; for the broken contrite heart,  
Saviour, thy suff'rings plead;  
O quench

- O quench not then the smoking flax,  
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 3 Thy poor, unworthy servant view,  
Relign'd to thy decree;  
Ordain me, or to live or die,  
But live or die in Thee!
- 4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,  
My humbled soul is cast;  
O bear me safe, thro' life, thro' death,  
And raise me up at last!
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie,  
This mortal frame shall sing,  
Where is thy victory, O grave!  
And where, O death, thy sting!

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, (away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone,)  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint:  
But we forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

*The New Creation.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son  
Doth his own glories shew:  
"Behold, I sit upon my throne  
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are past away,  
"And the old *Adam* dies;  
"My hands a new foundation lay:  
"See a new world arise!"
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free  
From my old state of sin;  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new powers within.
- 4 Renew my eyes and form my ears,  
And mould my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world thy grace hath made,  
May I for ever dwell.

*Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.*

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb?  
Since all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name.

2 Worthy



2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 Honour immortal must be paid  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain:  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, *Amen!*

*Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.*

1 **A**LL glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know thy name,  
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,  
Jesus, to thee I flee:  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by Thee.

3 Give me to hide my blushing face,  
While thy dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted seed  
Abide and reign within;  
And thy life-giving word forbid  
My new-born soul to sin.

- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,  
And make my comfort strong;  
Then shall I say, " my father, God!"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

*Hymn to the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams  
Which gently flow in silent streams  
From the eternal throne above;  
Come, thou enricher of the poor,  
Thou bounteous source of all our store,  
Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.
- 2 Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,  
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,  
The fainting suff'rer's best relief;  
Come, thou our passions cool allay;  
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,  
And turns to peace and joy all grief.
- 3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,  
Water from heaven our barren clay,  
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal:  
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,  
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,  
And there entron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the Sacred Three,  
One everlasting Deity;  
All love and power, and might and praise!  
As at the first, ere time begun,  
May the same homage still be done,  
When earth and heaven itself decays.

*Charity.*

*Charity.*

1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast :  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear :  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move :  
The devils know and tremble too ;  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Yea, ere we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our gracious God.

*Unfruitfulness.*

1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
Yet hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Can my hard heart retain !



- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne!
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation on my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joy on high,  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

*Sincere Praise.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,  
How glorious is thy name!  
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad  
Throughout creation's frame!
- 2 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And free from pride their beauties spread  
To shew thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator too;  
Fain would my heart adore my King,  
And give him praises due.

5. But

- 5 But pride, that busy sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform,  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.
- 6 Thy glories I abate,  
 Or praise thee with design;  
 Part of thy favours I forget,  
 Or think the merit mine.
- 7 Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain:  
 This wretched heart will ne'er prove true  
 Till it be form'd again.
- 8 Descend, celestial fire,  
 And seize me from above:  
 Wrap me in flames of pure desire,  
 A sacrifice to love.
- 9 Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days,  
 And to my God my soul ascend  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

*Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High-Priest above;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame;  
 He knows what sore temptations mean,  
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,

And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power :  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

*The Comparison and Complaint*

1 **I**NFINITE power, eternal Lord,  
How sov'reign is thy hand !  
All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way,  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.

3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,  
And wanders from her God !  
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,  
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea  
Perform thy awful will,  
And every beast and every tree  
Thy great design fulfil :

5 While my wild passions rage within,  
Nor thy commands obey ;  
But flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.



- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame  
Pay all their dues to Thee?  
Creatures that never knew thy name,  
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,  
Here all my powers I bring;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern every spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,  
Nor my affections rove;  
Devotion shall be all my heart,  
And all my passions love.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live  
At this poor dying rate?

Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great?

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*The Witnessing Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
The tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiven?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,  
Safely convey me home.

*Veni, Creator.*

- 1 **C**REATOR spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundation first was laid,  
Come visit ev'ry waiting mind,  
Come pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

- 2 O source of uncreated heat,  
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command,  
Refine and purge our earthly parts,  
And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new, our will controul,  
Subdue the rebel in our soul;  
Chase from our mind th' infernal foe,  
And peace the fruit of faith bestow:  
And lest again we go astray,  
Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 5 Immortal honours, endless fame  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died:  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

*A Hymn for Sunday.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise  
In concert with the blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,  
We blest and pious grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.



3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd  
By God, th' Eternal word, than when  
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief and pain extreme ;  
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS and HYMNS.

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PART the SECOND.

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P S A L M VIII.

*Part the First.*

1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,  
How excellent thy name!

Held in being by thy word,

Thee all thy works proclaim:

Thro' the earth thy glories shine,

Thro' those dazzling worlds above;

All confess the source divine,

Th' almighty God of love!

2 Thou the God of power and grace,

Whom highest heavens adore,

Callest babes to sing thy praise,

And manifest thy power:

Lo! they in thy strength go on,

Lo! on all thy foes they tread,

Cast the dire accuser down,

And bruise the serpent's head.

Yet

- 3 Yet when I survey the skies  
And planets as they roll,  
Wonder dims my aching eyes;  
And swallows up my soul;  
Moon and stars so wide display,  
Chaunt their Maker's praise so loud,  
Pour insufferable day,  
And draw me up to God!
- 4 What is man, that thou, O Lord,  
Hast such respect to him!  
Comes from Heaven th' incarnate Word,  
His creature to redeem:  
Wherefore would'st thou stoop so low?  
Who the myst'ry shall explain?  
God is flesh, and lives below,  
And dies for wretched man.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, his Redeemer dies,  
The sinner to restore,  
Falls that man again may rise,  
And stand as heretofore:  
Foremost of created things,  
Head of all thy works he stood,  
Nearest the great King of kings,  
And *little less than God*\*!
- 2 Him with glorious majesty  
Thy grace vouchsaf'd to crown;  
Transcript of the One in Three,  
He in thine image shone:  
All thy works for him were made,  
All did to his sway submit,  
Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,  
And bow'd beneath his feet.

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\* So it is in the Hebrew.



- 3 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,  
 How excellent thy name!  
 Held in being by thy word  
 Thee all thy works proclaim:  
 Thro' this earth thy glories shine,  
 Thro' those dazzling worlds above,  
 All confess the Source divine,  
 Th' almighty God of love!

PSALM XVIII. Ver. 1, &c.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord my power:  
 My rock and fortress is the Lord,  
 My God, my Saviour, and my tower,  
 My horn and strength, my shield and sword:  
 Secure I trust in his defence,  
 I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,  
 And spend my life in prayer and praise,  
 His goodness own, his promise claim,  
 And look for all his saving grace,  
 'Till all his saving grace I see,  
 From sin and hell for ever free.
- 3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,  
 Horribly caught and compass'd round,  
 Expos'd to Satan's raging power,  
 In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,  
 Condemn'd the second death to feel,  
 Arrested by the pains of hell.
- 4 To God my God with plaintive cry  
 I call'd in agony of fear,  
 My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,  
 My groaning reach'd his gracious ear,  
 He heard me from his glorious throne,  
 And sent the timely rescue down.

P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow  
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way  
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIV.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **T**HE earth and all her fulness owns  
Jehovah for her Sovereign Lord;  
The countless myriads of her sons  
Rose into being at his word.

2 His

- 2 His word did out of nothing call  
The world, and founded all that is ;  
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,  
And fix'd it in the floating seas.
- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,  
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,  
And stand upon the mount of God,  
And see his Maker face to face ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean,  
That blessed portion shall receive ;  
Whoe'er by grace is sav'd from sin,  
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown ;  
And number'd with the saints above,  
The God of his salvation own,  
The God of his salvation love.
- 6 This is the chosen royal race  
That seek their Saviour God to see,  
To see in holiness thy face,  
O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **T**HOU the true wrestling Jacob art,  
Whose prayers, and tears, and blood inclin'd  
Thy Father's majesty I impart  
His name, his love to all mankind.
- 2 Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 3 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.



- 4 Loofe all your bars of mafly light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal fcene ;  
He claims thefe manfions as his right,  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 5 Who is the King of glory, who ?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;  
The world, fin, death, and hell o'erthrew  
And Jefus is the conqueror's name.
- 6 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the folemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlafting doors, give way.
- 7 Who is the King of glory, who ?  
The Lord of glorious power poffeff,  
The King of faints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever bleff.

## P S A L M XXXII.

*Part the Firft.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, fupremely bleff,  
Whofe wickednefs is all forgiven,  
Who finds in Jefu's wounds his reft,  
And fees the fmiling face of heaven.  
The guilt and power of fin is gone,  
From him that doth in Chrift believe,  
Cover'd it lies, and ftill kept down,  
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Bleff is the man, to whom his Lord  
No more imputes iniquity,  
Whofe fpirit is by grace reftor'd,  
From all the guile of Satan free ;  
Free from defign, or felfifh aim,  
Blamelefs and pure and undefil'd,  
A fimple follower of the Lamb,  
And harmlefs as a new-born child.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **T**HOU art my hiding-place; in thee  
 I rest secure from sin and hell,  
 Safe in the love that ransom'd me,  
 And shelter'd in thy wounds I dwell:  
 Still shall thy grace to me abound,  
 The countless wonders of thy grace  
 I still shall tell to all around,  
 And sing my great deliv'rer's praise.
- 2 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him  
 Whose arms are still your sure defence;  
 Your Lord is mighty to redeem:  
 Believe: and who shall pluck you thence?  
 Ye men of upright heart, be glad,  
 For Jesus is your God and friend,  
 He keeps whoe'er on him are stay'd,  
 And he shall keep them to the end.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **T**HOU, O my Lord, art full of grace,  
 Above the clouds thy mercies rise,  
 Stedfast thy truth and faithfulness,  
 Thy word of promise never dies;  
 Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove  
 The base of thine eternal love.
- 2 Unsearchable thy judgments are,  
 A boundless bottomless abyss:  
 But lo! thy providential care  
 O'er all thy works extended is;  
 In Thee the creatures live, and move,  
 And are: All glory to thy love!
- 3 Thy love sustains the world it made,  
 Thy love preserves both man and beast,  
 Beneath thy wing's almighty shade  
 The sons of men securely rest;

And

And those who haunt the hallow'd place,  
Shall banquet on thy richest grace.

4 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream

Which ever issues from thy throne :  
Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,  
Eternal life and thou are one,  
To us, to all so freely given,  
The light of life, the heaven of heaven.

5 Stay then with those that know thy peace,

The simple men of heart sincere ;  
From all their foes and sins release,  
From pride and lust redeem them here :  
Thine utmost saving grace extend,  
And love, O love them to the end.

P S A L M XLV.

*Part the First.*

1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs

Its glorious matter to declare :

Of him I make my loftier songs,

I cannot from his praise forbear ;

My ready tongue makes haste to sing

The beauties of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,

Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;

Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,

And full of love thy tender heart :

God ever blest, we bow the knee,

And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,

And take to thee thy power divine :

Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,

All power and majesty are thine :

*Affert*



- Affert thy worship and renown,  
O all redeeming God come down.
- 4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,  
And let thy glorious toil succeed;  
Dispread the vict'ry of thy cross,  
Ride on and prosper in thy deed:  
Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
And reign in all our hearts alone.
- 5 Still let the word of truth prevail,  
The gospel of thy gen'ral grace,  
Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,  
Of everlasting righteousness,  
Into the faithful soul brought in,  
To root out all the seeds of sin.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **T**Errible things thine own right hand  
Shall teach thy greatness to perform:  
Who in the vengeful day can stand  
Unshaken by thine anger's storm,  
While riding on the whirlwind's wings  
They meet the thund'ring King of kings!
- 2 Sharp are the arrows of thy love,  
And pierce the most obdurate heart:  
Their point thine enemies shall prove,  
And strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,  
Fall down before the cross subdued,  
And feel thine arrows dipt in blood.
- 3 O God of love, thy sway we own,  
Thy dying love doth all controul;  
Justice and grace support thy throne,  
Set up in every faithful soul;  
Stedfast it stands in them, and sure,  
When pure as thou our God art pure.

- 4 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord  
 Of lords, I glory to proclaim,  
 From age to age thy praise record,  
 That all the world may learn thy name :  
 And all shall soon thy grace adore,  
 When time and sin shall be no more.

## P S A L M XLVII.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **C**LAP your hands, ye people all,  
 Praise the God on whom we call,  
 Lift your voice, and shout his praise,  
 Triumph in his sovereign grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,  
 Terrible in majesty ;  
 He his sovereign sway maintains,  
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 He the people shall subdue,  
 Make us kings and conquerors too,  
 Force the nations to submit,  
 Bruise our sins beneath our feet.
- 4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,  
 Number us with Israel's sons ;  
 God our heritage shall prove,  
 Give us all a lot of love.
- 5 Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes his seat above the sky :  
 Shout the angel-quires aloud,  
 Echoing to the trump of God.
- 6 Sons of earth, the triumph join,  
 Praise him with the host divine,

Emulate the heavenly powers,  
Their victorious Lord is ours.

- 7 Shout the God enthron'd above,  
Trumpet forth his conquering love;  
Praises to our Jesus sing,  
Praises to our glorious King!

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **P**OW'R is all to Jesus given,  
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heaven;  
Pow'r he now to us imparts:  
Praise him with believing hearts.
- 2 Heathens he compels t' obey,  
Saints he rules with mildest sway,  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
Chuses for his quiet throne.
- 3 Peace to them and power he brings,  
Makes his subjects priests and kings,  
Guards while in his worship join'd,  
Bids them cast the world behind.
- 4 On himself he takes their care,  
Saves them not by sword or spear;  
Safely to his house they go,  
Fearless of th' invading foe.
- 5 God keeps off the hostile bands,  
God protects their happy lands,  
Stands as Keeper of their fields,  
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 6 Wonderful in saving power,  
Him let all our hearts adore;  
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,  
Glory be to God most high!



## P S A L M LVII.

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me,  
To me who in thy love confide ;  
To thy protecting love I flee,  
Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,  
'Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,  
And cruel sin subsists no more.
- 2 To God will I in trouble cry,  
Who freely undertakes my cause ;  
My God most merciful and high  
Shall save me from the lion's jaws,  
Destroy him, ready to devour,  
With all his works and all his power.
- 3 The Lord out of his holy place  
His mercy and his truth shall send:  
Jesus is full of truth and grace,  
Jesus shall still my soul defend,  
While in the toils of hell I lie,  
And from the den of lions cry.
- 4 Be thou exalted, Lord, above  
The highest names in earth and heaven;  
Let angels sing thy glorious love,  
And bless the name to sinners given :  
All earth and heaven their king proclaim ;  
Bow every knee to Jesu's name.
- 5 Thee will I praise among thine own ;  
Thee will I to the world extol,  
And make thy truth and goodness known ;  
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;  
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,  
Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 6 Be thou exalted, Lord, above  
The highest names in earth or heaven ;

Let

Let angels sing thy glorious love,  
 And bless the name to sinners given:  
 All earth and heaven their king proclaim;  
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name.

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are:  
 To thine abode my heart aspires,  
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise Thee still: and happy they  
 That love the way to *Sion's* hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength  
 Thro' the dark vale of tears,  
 'Till each o'ercomes at length,  
 'Till each in heaven appears:  
 O glorious seat! Thou God our King  
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,  
 Our light and our defence;  
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
 We draw our blessings thence:  
 He shall bestow upon our race  
 His saving grace, and glory too.
- 5 The Lord his people loves,  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From holy, humble souls:

Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
My song on them shall ever dwell;  
To ages yet unborn my tongue  
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 For thy stupendous truth and love  
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,  
By quires of angels sung above,  
And by assembled saints below.
- 3 What seraph of celestial birth  
To vie with *Israel's* God shall dare?  
Or who among the gods of earth  
With our almighty Lord compare?
- 4 With rev'rence and religious dread  
His servants to his house should press:  
His fear through all their hearts should spread  
Who his almighty name confess.
- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast  
Of strength and power, like thine, renown'd?  
Of such a num'rous faithful host  
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea controul,  
And change the prospect of the deep;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In Thee the sovereign right remains  
Of earth and heaven: Thee, Lord, alone  
The world and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.



- 8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign :  
Poffest of absolute command,  
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love :  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CIII.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **M**Y soul inspir'd with sacred love,  
God's holy name for ever bless ;  
Of all his favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
And after sickness makes thee sound :

From danger he thy life retrieves,  
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace;  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay;  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small regards that we can pay.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **A**S far as 'tis from east to west,  
So far hath he our sins remov'd;  
Who, with a father's tender breast,  
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 2 The Lord, the universal King,  
In heaven hath fix'd his lofty throne:  
To him, ye angels, praises sing,  
In whose great strength his praise is shewn.
- 3 Ye that his just commands obey,  
And hear and do his sacred will,  
Ye host of his, this tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 4 Let every creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord: And thou, my heart,  
With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
And in this concert bear thy part.

P S A L M CIV.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul: Thou, Lord, alone  
Possessest empire without bounds:  
With honour thou art crown'd: thy throne  
Eternal majesty surrounds.

- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And glory for a garment take,  
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,  
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms  
His palace-chamber in the skies ;  
The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
The swift wing'd steeds on which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,  
His ministers heaven's palace fill,  
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,  
All pleas'd to serve their sovereign's will.
- 5 Earth, on her centre fix'd, he set,  
Her face with waters overspread ;  
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,  
To lift above the waves their head.
- 6 But when thy awful face appear'd,  
Th' insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,  
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,  
And by their haste confess'd their dread.
- 7 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,  
And gushing from the mountain's side,  
Thro' valleys travel to the deep,  
Appointed to receive their tide.
- 8 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,  
The threatening surges to repel,  
That they no more o'erpass their bounds,  
Nor to a second deluge swell.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **Y**ET thence in smaller parties drawn,  
The sea recovers her lost hills ;  
And starting springs from every lawn  
Surprise the vale with plenteous rills.



- 2 The fields, tame beasts are thither led,  
Weary with labour, faint with drought;  
And asses on wild mountains bred,  
Have sense to find these currents out.
- 8 There shady trees from scorching beams  
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;  
They drink, and for the bounteous streams,  
Return the tribute of their song.
- 4 Thy rains from heav'n-parch'd hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid store,  
'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 5 Grass, for our cattle to devour,  
Thou mak'st the growth of every field;  
Herbs for man's use of various power,  
That either food or phyfic yield.
- 6 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,  
To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares;  
Gives oil, that makes his face to shine,  
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

*Part the Third.*

- 1 **T**HE trees of God, without the care  
Or art of man, with sap are fed;  
The mountain-cedar looks as fair  
As those in royal gardens bred.
- 2 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms  
The wand'ers of the air may rest;  
The hospitable pine from harms  
Protects the stork, her pious guest.
- 3 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,  
Its tow'ring heights their fortrefs make,  
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,  
Where feeble creatures refuge take.

- 4 The moon's inconstant aspect shows  
Th' appointed seasons of the year ;  
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,  
His hour to rise, and disappear.
- 5 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,  
When forest-beasts securely stray ;  
Young lions roar their wants aloud  
To Providence that sends them prey;
- 6 They range all night on slaughter bent,  
'Till summon'd by the rising morn,  
To sculk in dens, with one consent,  
The conscious ravagers return.
- 7 Forth to the tillage of the soil  
The husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the sun his toil,  
With him returns to his repose.
- 8 How various, Lord, thy works are found,  
For which thy wisdom we adore ;  
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,  
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

*Part the Fourth.*

- 1 **B**UT still the vast unfathom'd main  
Of wonders a new scene supplies,  
Whose depth inhabitants contain  
Of every form and every size.
- 2 Full-freighted ships from every port  
There cut their unmolested way ;  
Leviathan, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.
- 3 These various troops of sea and land  
In sense of common want agree ;  
All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
And have their daily alms of Thee.

- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse  
Without their trouble to provide ;  
Thou op'ft thy hand, the universe,  
The craving world is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'ft thy face,  
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;  
Thou tak'ft their breath, all nature's race  
Forthwith to mother-earth return.
- 6 Again thou fend'ft thy spirit forth  
T'inspire the mass with vital seed ;  
Nature's restor'd, and parent-earth  
Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus thro' successive ages stands  
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;  
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,  
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,  
Earth's panting breast with terrors fills ;  
One touch from Thee, with clouds of smoke  
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 9 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My breath, I will that breath employ,  
And join devotion to my songs,  
Sincere as is in him my joy.
- 10 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,  
My soul, praise thou his holy name,  
'Till with my song the listening world  
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his Name record,  
His sacred Name for ever bless ;  
Where'er



Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God thro' the world extends his way,  
The regions of eternal day  
But shadows of his glory are :  
With him, whose majesty excels,  
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,  
Let no created power compare.

3 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view  
In highest heaven what angels do,  
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;  
He takes the needy from his cell,  
Advancing him in courts to dwell  
Companion of the greatest there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When earth and heaven shall be no more.

## P S A L M CXIV.

1 **W**HEN *Israel* freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King ; and *Judah* was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;  
The deep divides to make them way :  
*Jordan* beheld their march, and fled  
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep :  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap :

Not *Sinai* on his base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

- 4 What power could make the deep divide?  
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The king of *Israel*: see him here!  
Tremble thou earth; adore and fear!
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns:  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

*The Same.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Israel* out of *Egypt* came,  
And left the proud oppressor's land,  
Conducted by the great I AM,  
Safe in the hollow of his hand;  
The Lord in *Israel* reign'd alone,  
And *Judah* was his fav'rite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,  
Disparted by the wondrous rod;  
*Jordan* ran backward to his head,  
And *Sinai* felt th' incumbent God:  
The mountains skip'd like frightened rams,  
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?  
What horror turn'd the river back?  
Was nature's God displeas'd at thee?  
And why shall hills and mountains shake?

Ye

Ye mountains huge, who skip'd like rams,  
Ye hills who leap'd as frightened lambs?

- 4 Earth tremble on, with all thy sons,  
In presence of thy awful Lord,  
Whose power inverted nature owns,  
Her only law his sovereign word:  
He shakes the centre with his nod,  
And heaven bows down to *Jacob's God*.
- 5 Creation, varied by his hand,  
Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows;  
The sea is turn'd to solid land,  
The rock into a fountain flows;  
And all things, as they change, proclaim  
Their Lord eternally the same.

## P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **O** THOU, who when I did complain,  
Didst all my griefs remove,  
O Saviour, do not now disdain  
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,  
And heard me when I pray'd,  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train  
My soul encompass round;  
Anguish, and sin, and death, and pain,  
On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,  
And did for succour flee;  
O save (in my distress I laid)  
The soul that trusts in thee.



- 5 How good thou art, how large thy grace!  
 How easy to forgive!  
 The helpless thou delight'st to raise;  
 And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more  
 With anxious thoughts distressed;  
 God's bounteous love doth thee restore  
 To ease, and joy, and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,  
 My feet from falling free,  
 Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,  
 O Lord, I'll live to thee.

## P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 **Y**E Nations, who the globe divide,  
 Ye num'rous nations scatter'd wide,  
 To God your grateful voices raise:  
 To all his boundless mercies shown,  
 His truth to endless ages known,  
 Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To him who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die,  
 Our guilt and errors to remove;  
 To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,  
 Who rules in all believing hearts,  
 Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **A**LL glory to our gracious Lord;  
 His love be by his church ador'd,  
 His love eternally the same:

His

His love let *Aaron's* sons confess,  
His free, and everlasting grace  
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

- 2 In trouble on the Lord I cried,  
And felt the pard'ning word applied :  
He answer'd me in peace and power,  
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,  
In a large place of safety set,  
And bad me go and sin no more.
- 3 The Lord, I now can say, is mine ;  
And confident in strength divine,  
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear :  
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,  
And keeps the issues of my heart ;  
My Helper is for ever near.
- 4 Better it is in God to trust,  
In God the good, the strong, the just,  
Than a false, sinful child of man ;  
Better in Jesus to confide  
Than every other prince beside,  
Who offer all their helps in vain.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **O** Sin my cruel bosom-foe,  
Oft hast thou sought my soul t'o'erthrow,  
And sorely thrust at me in vain :  
In my defence the Saviour stood,  
Cover'd with his victorious blood,  
And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.
- 2 Righteous I am in him, and strong,  
He is become my joyful song,  
My Saviour and Salvation too :

**I triumph**

I triumph thro' his mighty grace,  
And pure in heart shall see his face,  
And rise in Christ a creature new.

3 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,  
And thanks for his redeeming grace,  
Among the justified is found :  
With songs that rival those above,  
With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,  
Both day and night their tents resound.

4 The Lord's right-hand hath wonders wrought  
Above the reach of human thought,  
The Lord's right-hand exalted is;  
We see it still stretch'd out to save,  
The power of God in Christ we have,  
And Jesus is the Prince of peace.

*Part the Third.*

1 I Shall not die in sin, but live,  
To Christ my Lord the glory give,  
His miracles of grace declare,  
When he the work of faith hath done,  
When I have put his image on,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

2 The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,  
And bruise'd for mine iniquity,  
Yet mercy would not give me up;  
Caught from the jaws of second death,  
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,  
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

3 Open the gates of righteousness,  
Receive me into Christ my peace,  
That I his praises may record :

He



He is the truth, the life, the way,  
 The portal of eternal day;  
 The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

- 4 Thro' him the just shall enter in,  
 Sav'd to the uttermost from sin;  
 Already sav'd from all its power:  
 The Lord my righteousness I praise,  
 And calmly wait the perfect grace,  
 When born of God I sin no more.

*Part the Fourth.*

- 1 **J**ESUS is lifted up on high;  
 Whom man refus'd and doom'd to die,  
 He is become the corner-stone:  
 Head of his Church he lives and reigns,  
 His kingdom over all maintains,  
 High on his everlasting throne.
- 2 The Lord th' amazing work hath wrought,  
 Hath from the dead our shepherd brought,  
 Reviv'd on the third glorious day:  
 This is the day our God hath made,  
 The day for sinners to be glad  
 In him who bears their sins away.
- 3 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise;  
 Now, send us now thy saving grace,  
 Make this the acceptable hour:  
 Our hearts would now receive thee in;  
 Enter, and make an end of sin,  
 And bless us with the perfect power.
- 4 Bless us, that we may call thee blest,  
 Sent down from heaven to give us rest,  
 Thy gracious Father to proclaim,  
 His sinless nature to impart;  
 In every new, believing heart  
 To manifest his glorious name.

- 5 God is the Lord that shews us light ;  
 Then let us render him his right,  
 The off'ring of a thankful mind ;  
 Present our living sacrifice,  
 And to his cross in closest ties  
 With cords of love our spirit bind.
- 6 Thou art my God, and Thee I praise ;  
 Thou art my God, I sing thy grace,  
 And call mankind t' extol thy name :  
 All glory to our gracious Lord,  
 His name be prais'd, his love ador'd  
 Thro' all eternity the same.

## P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The everlasting hills ;  
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,  
 My soul the spirit feels :  
 Will he not his help afford ?  
 Help, while yet I ask, is given ;  
 God comes down, the God and Lord  
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful souls, pray always ; pray,  
 And still in God confide ;  
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
 Nor suffer thee to slide :  
 Lean on the Redeemer's breast,  
 He thy quiet spirit keeps :  
 Rest in him, securely rest ;  
 Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell  
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;  
 Careless slumber cannot steal  
 On his all-seeing eyes :

He

He is *Israel's* sure defence ;  
*Israel* all his care shall prove,  
 Kept by watchful providence  
 And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord thy Keeper stand  
 Omnipotently near :  
 Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,  
 And banishes thy fear ;  
 Shadows with his wings thy head,  
 Guards from all impending harms ;  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,  
 Shall bless thy coming in,  
 Kindly compass thee about,  
 Till thou art fav'd from sin ;  
 Like thy spotless Master thou,  
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,  
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,  
 Henceforth and evermore.

P S A L M CXXV.

1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,  
 And feel his sprinkled blood,  
 In storms and hurricanes abide  
 Firm as the mount of God :  
 Stedfast, and fixt, and sure  
 His *Sion* cannot move,  
 His faithful people stand secure  
 In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round *Jerusalem*  
 The hilly bulwarks rise,  
 So God protects and covers them  
 From all their enemies :

On



On every side he stands,  
And for his *Israel* cares,  
And safe in his almighty hands  
Their souls for ever bears.

3 For lo! the reign of hell  
And hellish men is o'er;  
They can persuade, they can compel  
The just to sin no more:  
To devils, men, or sin,  
They need no more give place,  
Nor ever touch the thing unclean  
When cleans'd by pard'ning grace.

4 But let them still abide  
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,  
Till every soul is sanctify'd,  
And perfectly restor'd.  
The men of heart sincere  
Continue to defend,  
And do them good, and save them here,  
And love them to the end.

P S A L M CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN our redeeming Lord  
Pronounc'd the pard'ning word,  
Turn'd our soul's captivity,  
O what sweet surprise we found!  
Wonder ask'd "and can it be!"  
Scarce believ'd the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream?  
And are we sav'd thro' him?  
Yes, our bounding heart replied,  
Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,  
Freely we are justify'd;  
This the new, the gospel-song.

3 The heathen too could see  
Our glorious liberty :  
All our foes were forc'd to own  
" God for them hath wonders wrought :"  
Wonders he for us hath done,  
From the house of bondage brought.

4 To us our gracious God  
His pard'ning love hath shew'd :  
Now our joyful souls are free  
From the guilt and power of sin ;  
Greater things we soon shall see,  
We shall soon be pure within.

5 Turn us again, O Lord,  
Pronounce the second word,  
Loose our hearts, and let us go  
Down the spirit's fullest flood,  
Freely to the fountain flow,  
All be swallow'd up in God.

6 Who for thy coming wait,  
And wail their lost estate,  
Poor, and sad, and empty still,  
Who for full redemption weep,  
They shall thy appearing feel,  
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

7 Who feed immortal bears,  
And wets his path with tears,  
Doubtless he shall soon return,  
Bring his sheaves with vast increase,  
Fully of the spirit born,  
Perfected in holiness.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man that fears the Lord,  
And walks in all his ways,  
An earnest of his great reward  
On earth his Master pays.
- 2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain  
For perishable food,  
Thy Father shall his own sustain,  
And fill thy soul with good.
- 3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,  
And on his fulness feed ;  
Jesus who came from heaven for thee,  
Shall be thy living bread.
- 4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine  
Her blooming offspring shew ;  
Thy children shall be God's, not thine,  
His pleasant plants below.
- 5 Around thy plenteous table spread  
Like olive-branches fair,  
Heaven-ward they in thy steps shall tread,  
And meet their parents there.
- 6 Thus shall the man be blest who owns  
His Maker for his Lord :  
Or doubly blest with better sons  
Begotten by the word.
- 7 The children of thy faith and prayer  
Thy joyful eyes shall see,  
Shall see the prosp'rous church, and share  
In her prosperity.
- 8 *Sion* again shall lift her head,  
And flourish all thy days ;

Thy



Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,  
And bless the rising race.

- 9 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,  
With *Israel's* blessing blest,  
Thou then the church above shalt join,  
And gain the heavenly rest.

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou the grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.

- 2 From the time that thee I know,  
Nothing shall I seek below,  
Aim at nothing great or high,  
Lowly both my heart and eye:

- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Aw'd into a little child;  
Quiet now without my food,  
Wean'd from every creature-good.

- 4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,  
Kept from all idolatry;  
Nothing wants beneath, above,  
Happy, happy, in thy love.

- 5 O that all might seek and find  
Every good in Jesus join'd.  
Him let *Israel* still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore.

## P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, the pious zeal  
 Of every soul that cleaves to thee,  
 The troubles for thy sake they feel,  
 Their eager hopes thy house to see;  
 Their vows to cry and never rest,  
 Till thou art in thy church ador'd,  
 And dwell'st in every faithful breast,  
 And count'st them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,  
 Thou and thy ark of perfect power:  
 God over all, for ever blest,  
 Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.  
 Thy priests be cloth'd with righteousness,  
 Thy praise their happy lives employ,  
 The saints in thee their all possess,  
 And shout the sons of God for joy.

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD how good a thing  
 It is to dwell in peace,  
 How pleasing to our king  
 This fruit of righteousness:  
 When brethren all in one agree,  
 Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,  
 (True followers of the Lamb,  
 The same in heart and mind)  
 And think and speak the same,  
 And all in love together dwell,  
 The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,  
The joys of heaven we prove :  
This is the gospel-grace,  
The unction from above ;  
The spirit on all believers shed,  
Descending swift from Christ our head.

4 Where unity is found,  
The sweet anointing grace  
Extends to all around,  
And consecrates the place ;  
To every waiting soul it comes,  
And fills it with divine perfumes.

*Part the Second.*

1 **G**RACE every morning new,  
And every night we feel  
The soft refreshing dew,  
That falls from *Hermon's* hill ;  
On *Sion* it doth sweetly fall,  
The grace of one descends on all.

2 Even now our Lord doth pour  
The blessing from above,  
A kindly, gracious shower  
Of heart-reviving love,  
The former and the latter rain,  
The love of God, and love of man.

3 In him when brethren join,  
And follow after peace,  
The fellowship divine  
He promises to bless,  
His chiefest graces to bestow,  
Where two or three are met below.

4 The riches of his grace  
In fellowship are given



To *Sion's* chosen race,  
 The citizens of heaven;  
 He fills them with his choicest store,  
 He gives them life for evermore.

## P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care  
 Is ever employ'd in watching and prayer,  
 With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,  
 Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,  
 And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows;  
 And while ye are giving your Maker his due,  
 The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
 My rising up and lying down;  
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
 My public haunts, and private ways:  
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand;  
 On every side I find thy hand:  
 O skill, for human reach too high!  
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 O could I so perfidious be,  
 To think of once deserting thee;  
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,  
 Or whither from thy presence run?

- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;  
If down to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the western main;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the fable wings of night;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;  
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st the way  
As in the blazing noon of day.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **T**HOU know'st the texture of my heart,  
My reins, and every vital part:  
Each single thread in nature's loom  
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
- 2 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came  
A work of such a curious frame:  
The wonders thou in me hast shewn,  
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 3 Thine eye my substance did survey,  
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;  
In secret how exactly wrought,  
Ere from its dark enclosure brought.
- 4 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,  
Its parts were register'd by thee:

Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.

- 5 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since the maze of life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The power of numbers to recount.
- 6 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,  
If evil lurk in any part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXLV. Ver. 7, &c.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eye thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy power and praise proclaim;  
But we, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.



*Part the Second, Ver. 14, &c.*

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
 Thou sovereign Lord of all:  
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
 Or virtue lies distressed  
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,  
 And guides our giddy youth:  
 Holy and just are all thy ways,  
 And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
 Thou hear'st thy children cry,  
 And their best wishes to fulfil  
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere:  
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 And spread thy fame abroad:  
 Let all the sons of *Adam* raise  
 The honours of their God.

## P S A L M CXLVI.

1 **I'**LL praise my Maker while I've breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On *Israel's* God : He made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
 His truth for ever stands secure ;  
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind :  
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
 He sends the labouring conscience peace ;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

## P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise  
 Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
 His nature and his works invite  
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,  
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :  
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,  
 And all his glories infinite :  
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
 And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;

There

- There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 6 What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb,  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 7 But faints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there.
- 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

P S A L M CXLVIII.

*Part the First.*

- 1 **L**ET every creature join  
To praise th' eternal God:  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 The sun, with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wondrous frame;



By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in show'rs or snow ;  
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,  
His power and glory shew.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in vengeful storms conspire  
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above  
His honours be exprest :  
But those who taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best.

*Part the Second.*

1 **L**ET earth and ocean know  
They owe their Maker praise :  
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky  
Let his loud praise resound ;  
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,  
And vales and fields around.

3 Ye lions of the wood,  
And tamer beasts that graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear,  
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.

- 5 Ye creeping ants and worms,  
His various wisdom show ;  
And flies, in all your shining forms  
Praise him that drest you so.
- 6 By all the earth-born race  
His honour be express'd :  
But those that know his heavenly grace,  
Should learn to praise him best.

*Part the Third.*

- 1 **M**ONARCHS of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King ;  
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,  
Whence all your honours spring.
- 2 Let vig'rous youth engage  
To found his praises high ;  
While growing babes and with'ring age  
Their feeble voices try.
- 3 United zeal be shewn,  
His wondrous fame to raise ;  
God is the Lord ; his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.
- 4 Let nature join with art,  
And both pronounce him blest :  
But saints, who dwell so near his heart,  
Should sing his praises best.

*The Same.*

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
His praise your songs employ,  
Above the starry frame.

Your voices raise, ye cherubim  
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
To him your homage pay :  
His praise declare, ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move in liquid air.

- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last from changes free :  
His firm decree stands ever fast.

- 4 Let earth her tribute pay :  
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,  
And fish that through the sea  
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales ;  
Fire, hail, and snow, and milty air,  
And winds that where he bids them blow.

- 5 By hills and grateful mountains (all  
In grateful concert join'd) ;  
By cedars stately tall,  
And trees for fruit design'd :  
By every beast and creeping thing,  
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.

- 6 Let all of royal birth,  
With those of humble frame,  
And judges of the earth,  
His matchless praise proclaim :  
In this design let youth with maids,  
And hoary heads with children join.

- 7 United zeal be shewn,  
His wondrous fame to raise,

Whose



Whose glorious name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends his power obey,  
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

- 8 His chosen saints to grace  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours all their race  
Whose hearts to him are nigh :  
O therefore raise your grateful voice,  
And still rejoice your Lord to praise.

*The Same.*

- 1 **Y**E, who dwell above the skies,  
Free from human miseries ;  
Ye, whom highest heaven embowers,  
Praise the Lord with all your powers.
- 2 Angels, your clear voices raise ;  
Him ye heavenly armies praise ;  
Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,  
All ye sparkling eyes of night.
- 3 Let the earth his praise resound ;  
Monstrous whales, and seas profound ;  
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,  
Storms, which where he bids you, blow :
- 4 Flowery hills and mountains high ;  
Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;  
Trees and cattle, creeping things,  
All that cut the air with wings :
- 5 You who awful sceptres sway ;  
You, accusom'd to obey ;  
Princes, judges of the earth :  
All of high and humble birth :

- 6 Youths and virgins flourishing  
 In the beauty of your spring;  
 Ye, who were but born of late;  
 Ye who bow with age's weight;
- 7 Praise his name with one consent:  
 O how great! how excellent!  
 Than the earth profounder far;  
 Higher than the highest star.
- 8 He will his to glory raise;  
 Ye, his saints, resound his praise;  
 Ye, his sons, his chosen race,  
 Bless his love and sovereign grace.

*The Same.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal quire,  
 That fill the realms above;  
 Praise him who form'd you of his fire,  
 And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye chrystal skies,  
 The floor of his abode;  
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes  
 Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,  
 Whose beams create our days,  
 Join with the silver queen of night,  
 To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud  
 Thro' the etherial blue;  
 For when his chariot is a cloud,  
 He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,  
 The troops of his command,

Appear

- Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye furling seas,  
In your eternal roar;  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore:
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,  
Speak terribly their maker God,  
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name  
To softer notes than these,  
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
To him that bids you grow:  
Sweet clusters bend their fruitful vines  
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,  
And climb the morning-sky;  
While groveling beasts attempt his praise  
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
Ye mortals, take the sound;  
Echo the glories of your King  
Thro' all the nations round.

P S A L M CL.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps his court below;  
Praise the holy God of love,  
And all his greatness shew:



Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless power;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.

- 2 Publish, spread to all around  
The great Jehovah's name;  
Let the trumpet's martial sound  
The Lord of Hosts proclaim:  
Praise him every tuneful string,  
All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the powers of music bring,  
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,  
Let every creature sing;  
Glory to their Maker give,  
And homage to their King:  
Hallow'd be his name beneath,  
As in heaven on earth ador'd;  
Praise the Lord in every breath;  
Let all things praise the Lord.

*Hymn to GOD the FATHER.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, whose creating call  
Unnumber'd worlds attend,  
Jehovah comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend:

- 2 In light unsearchable enthron'd,  
Which angels dimly see;  
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,  
And foremost of the Three.

- 3 From thee thro' an eternal Now,  
Thy Son, thine Offspring flow'd;  
An everlasting Father thou,  
As everlasting God:

- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;  
By wondrous, unexhausted love  
To mortal man reveal'd:
- 5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,  
When nature shall expire,  
And worlds created by thy nod  
Shall perish by thy fire.
- 6 Thy name, Jehovah, be ador'd  
By creatures without end,  
Whom none but thy essential word  
And Spirit comprehend.

*Hymn to GOD the SON.*

- 1 **H**AIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd  
Ere time began to be;  
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the round  
Of wide eternity.
- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame  
Display their Author's power,  
And each exalted seraph-flame,  
Creator, thee adore.
- 3 Thy wondrous love the Godhead shew'd  
Contracted to a span,  
The co-eternal Son of God,  
The mortal Son of man.
- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,  
Behold his life-blood stream!  
Hail, Lord! almighty to create,  
Almighty to redeem.
- 5 The Mediator's God-like sway  
His church beneath sustains:

Till

Till Nature shall her Judge survey,  
The King Messiah reigns.

- 6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,  
When time shall cease to be,  
Thron'd with thy Father thro' the round  
Of whole eternity.

*Hymn to GOD the HOLY GHOST.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three;  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy spirit brooding o'er th' abyfs  
Of formless waters lay;  
Spoke into order all that is,  
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,  
Thy presence who can fly?  
Known is the Father to thy fight,  
Th' abyfs of Deity.
- 4 Thy pow'r thro' Jesu's life display'd  
Quite from the virgin's womb,  
Dying his soul an off'ring made,  
And rais'd him from the tomb.
- 5 God's image which our sins destroy,  
Thy grace restores below;  
And truth, and holiness, and joy,  
From thee their fountain flow.
- 6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three,  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
From all eternity.



*Hymn to the TRINITY.*

- 1 **H**AILE, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to Thee,  
Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three :
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state  
Ere time its round began,  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom *Isaiah's* vision shew'd  
The seraphs veil their wings,  
While Thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,  
Th' angelic army sings.
- 4 To Thee by mystic powers on high  
Were humble praises given,  
When *John* beheld with favour'd eye  
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns,  
To Thee in hymns aspire :  
May we as angels on our thrones  
For ever join the choir.
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to Thee,  
Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.

*Another.*

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live  
For ever on our tongues :  
Sinners from his free love derive  
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye faints, employ your breath  
In honour of the Son,  
Who bought our souls from hell and death  
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys  
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter  
Reveals our pardon'd sin,  
O may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three  
That seal the grace in heaven;  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal glory given.

*Another.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God;  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore;  
That sea of life, and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

*The Divine Perfections.*

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty.  
His glories shine with beams so bright,  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law:  
And where his love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his mighty works  
Amazing wisdom shines,  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their dark designs.  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And can this sovereign King  
Of glory condescend,  
And will he write his name,  
My father and my friend!  
I love his name, I love his word,  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the LORD.*

*Part the First.*

1 **R**EGENT of all the worlds above,  
Thou sun, whose rays adorn our sphere,  
And with unwearied swiftness move  
To form the circle of the year:

2 Praise



- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,  
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays:  
Or may the sun forget to rise,  
When he forgets his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose paler fires and female light  
Are softer rivals of the noon:
- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign power  
Waxing and waning honours pay;  
Who had thee rule the dusky hours,  
And half supply the absent day.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **Y**E glitt'ring stars, that gild the skies,  
When darkness has her curtain drawn,  
That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day are gone:
- 2 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,  
Fair palace of the court divine,  
Where with inimitable light  
The Godhead condescends to shine:
- 4 Praise thou the great inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
On every angel, every saint,  
Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 5 O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that mak'st our days:  
Midst all thy wondrous works above  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

*Song to CREATING WISDOM.*

*Part the First.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL wisdom, thee we praise;  
Thee the creation sings:  
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky!  
How glorious to behold!  
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There hast thou bid the globes of light  
Their endless circle run:  
There the pale planet rules the night;  
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wandering eyes  
On clouds and storms below,  
Those under-regions of the skies  
Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there  
Thy orders to obey;  
With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Thy thunder shakes our coast,  
While the red lightnings wave along  
The banners of thine host.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **O**N the thin air without a prop  
Hang fruitful show'rs around;  
At thy command they sink, and drop  
Their fatness on the ground.

- 2 Lo here thy wondrous skill arrays  
The fields in cheerful green:  
A thousand herbs thy art displays,  
A thousand flow'rs between.
- 3 There the rough mountains of the deep  
Observe thy strong command;  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
Or sink them to the sand.
- 4 Thy glories blaze all nature round;  
And strike the wondering sight  
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 5 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine thro' the world abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God.
- 6 But the mild glories of thy grace  
Our softer passions move:  
Pity divine in Jesu's face  
We see, adore, and love!

*Thanksgiving for GOD's particular Providence*

*Part the First.*

- 1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God  
My rising soul surveys,  
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost  
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.



- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 2 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ:  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The pleasing theme renew.
- 5 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise:  
But, O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

GOD glorious, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise:  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs;  
By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motion speak thy skill:  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands  
On all thy creatures writ;  
They shew the labour of thy hands  
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms:
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess,  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn *Immanuel's* name,  
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

CHRIST

CHRIST our *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification,*  
and *Redemption.*

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night  
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light:  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
Till the atoning blood appears;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;  
He sets the prisoner free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness:  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

*The Offices of CHRIST.*

*Part the First.*

- 1 **J**JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore:  
All are too mean to speak thy worth,  
Too mean to set thee, *Saviour*, forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways  
Doth our *Redeemer* use  
To teach his heavenly grace!

Mine



Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

3        Array'd in mortal flesh,  
          Lo; the *great Angel* stands,  
          And holds the promises  
          And pardons in his hands,  
Commission'd from his Father's throne,  
To make his grace to mortals known.

4        Great *prophet* of my God,  
          My tongue shall bless thy name;  
          By thee the joyful news  
          Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5        Be thou my *counsellor*,  
          My *pattern* and my *guide*;  
          And thro' this desert land  
          Still keep me near thy side.  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

6        I love my *shepherd's* voice,  
          His watchful eyes shall keep  
          My wandering soul among  
          The thousands of his sheep.  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

*Part the Second.*

1        **J**ESUS, my great *High-priest*,  
          Offer'd his blood and died;  
          My guilty conscience seeks  
          No sacrifice beside.  
His pow'rful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

O thou

2 O thou almighty Lord,  
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power, behold I sit  
In willing bonds before thy feet.

3 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My *Captain* leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

4 Should all the hosts of death,  
And pow'rs of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on;  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

*Triumph over Death.*

1 **A**ND must this body die?  
This well-wrought frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust.  
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,

And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love :  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

*CHRIST worshipped by all Creatures.*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.



*GOD our Light in Darkneſs.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the ſpring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brighteſt days,  
And comfort of my nights :
- 2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun :  
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,  
And thou my riſing ſun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me ſhine  
With beams of ſacred bliſs,  
If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,  
And whiſpers " I am his."
- 4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the ſhining way,  
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.
- 5 Fearleſs of hell and ghafly death,  
I'd break thro' every foe :  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror thro'.

*Come, LORD JESUS.*

- 1 **W**HEN ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen ?  
When ſhall our eyes behold our God ?  
What lengths of diſtance lie between !  
And hills of guilt ! A heavy load.
- 2 Ye heavenly gates, looſe all your chains,  
Let the eternal pillars bow ;  
Bleſt Saviour, cleave the ſtarry plains,  
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

- 3 Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries ;  
     And pray, and wait the gen'ral doom ;  
     Come thou ! the soul of all our joys ;  
     Thou, the desire of nations, come !
  
- 4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,  
     Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for Thee ;  
     And every limb and every joint  
     Stretches for immortality.
  
- 5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
     The blazing earth and melting hills ;  
     And smile to see the lightnings play,  
     And flash along before thy wheels.
  
- 6 Hark ! what a shout of violent joys  
     Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound !  
     The angel-herald shakes the skies,  
     Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
  
- 7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host  
     Stands waiting at your gaping tombs :  
     Let every sacred, sleeping dust  
     Leap into life ; for Jesus comes.
  
- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love,  
     New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay ;  
     Quick as seraphic flames we move,  
     To reign with him in endless day.

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